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“What a chimera then is man! What a novelty! What a monster, what a chaos, what a contradiction, what a prodigy! . . .”—*Pascal*

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The Magician of the Air

by *Anthony Harrigan*



Watching the air move in ten-league boots
Children on the bank throw stones as swift as swallows
At the rocks bobbing in the river.

And slowly the chameleon shoreline alters
When the grey frills of cloud descend like parachutes
Upon the waves that pluck the wind.

Calmly men fish from anchored rowboats
And see the moon come out bright as a firefly
To exchange dreams and fables with the dark.

High over the green apron on the hills
Leap-frogs the quick magician of the night air
Lighting the bird-high trees by the water.

And yellowing a path across the river
This round wizard balloons through the sky
Dissolving the black waves littered with foam.

And showering imagination with swan-like beauty
The moon-lit flags of air blot out the dark
While the filmy night walks with dawn up its sleeves.

Mythology and The Novel

CORRESPONDENCE BETWEEN THOMAS MANN AND KARL KERÉNYI



THE EXCERPTS from *Romandichtung und Mythologie* (Rhein Verlag, Zürich, 1945), printed below are of particular interest for the light they shed on the sources of the artist's symbolism. The same truths given creative form by the novelist Thomas Mann, and historial foundation by the philologist Karl Kerényi, have been given yet a third expression by the psychologist C. G. Jung in his archetype theory. Kerényi and Jung collaborated subsequently on two myth-psychological studies: "Das Göttliche Kind" and "Das Göttliche Mädchen," as is brought out in a section of this correspondence which we hope to publish later. Our Myth issue (cf. especially Joseph Campbell: "Finnegan the Wake") is evidence of the increasing significance for criticism of the study of the nature and origin of symbols. —*The Editors.*

[*Thomas Mann to Karl Kerényi*]

Küschnacht-Zurich; 27.I.34

You did me an honour and gave me pleasure by sending me your extraordinary essay, for which I must thank you most sincerely.¹ You sensed that this piece of research would be something for me, that its theme concerned me closely, and I am grateful for this intuition. The idea of the "dark" and wolf-like aspect of Apollo was new to me, I confess, but it was at once familiar. The connection between spirit and death (transcendence), between distance and cognition (here a third notion, irony, very dear to me, might be inserted), and then the insight that this healing world—healing one of life—is really to be regarded as

¹ "Unsterblichkeit und Apollonreligion" [Immortality and the Apollo cult] from the journal *Die Antike*, 1934. Reprinted in Kerényi, *Apollon, Studien über Antike Religion und Humanität*, Wien 1937.

the Apollonian world, all this touched the very roots of my spiritual being and delighted me.

My interest in the history of religion and myths was awakened late; it is a product of time, and did not exist in my youth. But now it is vivid indeed and will last until I have finished this peculiar venture in the novel.² You have apparently seen the first volume, and I do hope that in the later parts (the second is to appear in the spring) I shall hold my own in the eyes of one who has evidently devoted his life to this great and moving realm of human experience.

[*Karl Kerényi to Thomas Mann*]

Budapest; 7-II-'34

Your friendly lines have afforded me great pleasure. Not only because they did me an altogether unexpected and unmerited honor, but because they were the almost unhoped-for confirmation of what must have seemed, from the scholarly point of view, the most daring thing in my lecture on Apollo. The scholar's task in this field is not an easy one. For you guessed right: I have devoted my life to the history of religion, in particular to the religions of classical antiquity, since by profession I am a classical philologist. A book of mine on *Greco-Oriental Fiction in the Light of History of Religion* was published in Tuebingen by J. C. B. Mohr in 1927.

The historical data often add up to a total picture that, as in the case of Apollo, is no longer understandable with the help of those psychological platitudes which even great scholars are sometimes unable to dispense with. There is only one proof for the deeper psychological reality which must be assumed to underlie such a picture. The proof is the testimony of great poets, writers and psychologists who are ahead of their time in these things. Your *Magic Mountain* has always been for me a witness to this

² *Joseph and his Brothers*. The appearance of the first volume in 1934 was the occasion for sending the above-mentioned essay.

kind of subtle psychological reality. *Joseph and his Brothers*, however, has now become almost more valuable to me and more important. There are ideas in it, such as those on "generation and death," "sex and death"—to which "generation and killing" should be added—which I had myself been forced to assume as the explanation of the nature of the satyrs as gods of death, though I have not yet ventured to put these ideas before my learned colleagues. (I read the paragraph on page 285, on sex and death, to my pupils with whom I am interpreting Plutarch's *De Iside et Osiride*, and it is wonderful not only as psychology but as archeology.)

You are probably right to consider irony as an Apollonian quality, and Socrates was the first to make use of it. Also it is certainly not pure coincidence that the ironist Aldous Huxley made the Apollo of Veji the center of his novelette *After the Fireworks*. He feels the healing faculty of this god to be in his smile—"smiling at the sad, mysterious, beautiful absurdity of the world." Apart from you, it is particularly through the English writers D. H. Lawrence, and J. C. Powys, the great mythologist, that I have best learned to understand the psychological realities in mythological creations. Would it be presumptuous to ask for your opinion—if any—of them? Your *Joseph* novel and Powys' *Glastonbury Romance* signify the return of the European spirit to the ultimate realities, to the realities of myth.

At the same time I am taking the liberty of sending you two small essays that are made somewhat more difficult by technical material. One is a kind of continuation of my essay on Apollo, the other—a review—contains my conception of the limits of Hades (pp. 364 ff.).³ This concept is fundamental to my views on the history of religion (e.g., with respect to Christianity), and the *Magic Mountain*, especially, helped me greatly to strengthen it.

³ "Telesphorus" (Egyetemes Philologiai Közlöny 1933), and review of J. Kroll "Gott und Hölle" [God and Hell] in *Gnomon* 1934.

[*Thomas Mann to Karl Kerényi*]

Küschnacht, Zurich; 20.II-34

Your interesting letter and the two unusual essays again afforded me great pleasure and stimulation. Having now made the acquaintance of these lesser examples of your intuition in the history of religion and mythology, I promise myself to study your great work on Greco-Oriental fiction as soon as I can. I shall have to see whether I am equal to absorbing it. No doubt it will cause me to feel ashamed at the still narrow limits of my factual knowledge of this beautiful and profound field. Your statement that both the *Magic Mountain* and *Joseph and his Brothers* had a meaning for you and could serve as a confirmation for a scholar with your knowledge, gives me the courage to think that I have some qualifications for pursuing such studies. At the same time it is a proof to me, or a reminder, that the interests and motifs which have become the exclusive subject of the Joseph narrative were already present in the background of the *Magic Mountain*—though its foreground alone seems to have concerned its readers. It shows, in other words, how completely the sanatorium novel forms the link between the realistic work of my youth, *Buddenbrooks*, and the manifestly mythological work of my sixties.

The gradually increasing interest in mythology and history of religion is indeed, in my case, a sign of oncoming age; it corresponds to an inclination for turning away with the years from the bourgeois-individual to the typical, the general, the human. In my youth I should never have appreciated a scene like the one you mentioned: Jacob's dream of Anup,—a reply like that of the jackal-headed god, "I'll get rid of my head yet!" It is almost a private joke, overlooked by most. But the point is the career of a god. This Anup, here still half animal and satyr-like, is of course the future Hermes Psychopompos. Did you notice that I sat him on his stone exactly in the pose of Lysippus' Hermes in Naples? I have a particular fondness for this statue, of which there is such a beautiful copy in the old museum in Berlin, and that passage is a concealed act of homage.

I know two of the English writers you mention rather well. In Huxley's art, in particular in his essays, I admire one of the finest flowers of western European intellect. I prefer him to D. H. Lawrence who, though an important phenomenon characteristic of his time, does not appeal to me on account of his hectic sensuality. My attention was drawn to Powys by your letter and by an article in the *Neue Zuercher Zeitung* on his books *In Defense of Sensuality* and *The Meaning of Culture*; the article was entitled "Back to Ichthyosaurus." This is certainly a coarse and damning title, but the ridicule it contains is not altogether unjustified. In contemporary European literature there is a kind of resentment of the evolution of the human cerebrum, and this has always seemed to me nothing but a snobbish and silly form of self-betrayal. Indeed I must confess that I am not a friend of the anti-spiritual and anti-intellectual movement, represented in Germany by Klages in particular. I feared and fought it long ago because I saw through it and all its brutal anti-human consequences before they became patent. . . . That "return of the European spirit to the ultimate realities, to the realities of myth," of which you speak so impressively, is truly a great and good thing, culturally speaking, and I may pride myself on, in a sense, taking part in it through my work. But I trust your understanding if I say that often a useless sacrifice and irresponsible throwing-overboard of attainments and principles is involved in the fashion for the irrational. These attainments and principles not only make the European what he is, but are what made man a human being. This new "back to nature" movement is of a rather more ignoble kind, humanly speaking, than the one that prepared the French Revolution. Enough. You know what I mean. I am a man of equilibrium. I instinctively lean to the left if the boat threatens to capsize to the right, —and vice versa.

After this digression it won't do any harm to refer again to the indescribable charm your essay on the person of the little Telesphorus with *cucullus* [hooded cape] and parchment-roll had for me. What a fascinating figure, this little god of death! Above all, what fascination emanates from the history of the hooded

cape down through the centuries. Strange; I had no inkling of these things, and yet I equipped my Joseph, after his rising from the well when the Ishmaelites led him through Egypt, with a hooded cape and a parchment-roll. These are mysterious workings of the mind and they prove that there can arise a kind of sympathy for scholarly learning.

[*Karl Kerényi to Thomas Mann*]

Budapest; 1.III.34

I never dreamt when I first read the *Magic Mountain* ten years ago and then re-read it twice that I would ever really hear speak to me the voice which in the book belongs to the deeply sympathetic Mr. Settembrini. I always felt how very much you took his side. Also, I am aware of your attitude toward Bachofen in the "Pariser Rechenschaft." It was even mentioned in the technical literature of philology, first by the Tuebingen professor Otto Weinrich in the *Philologische Wochenschrift* (1930, 1129 ff.) and then by myself in *Gnomon* (1934).

And now you are becoming a humanist in yet another sense. For the history of religion is a human and humanistic concern. Of course it is much more than humanistic "mythology" ever was. Yet those were its beginnings, even though the history of religion has considerably widened the scope of the old humanistic knowledge of the gods. Today these same classical deities are the first to be regarded—in a way that is paradigmatic also for the study of foreign religions—as "ultimate realities [höhere Wirklichkeiten]. (I had been using this expression for a long time for the kind of reality denoted by the gods when a young friend drew my attention to the fact that "ultimate reality" occurs in the *Magic Mountain*, where you tell of Hans Castorp's grandfather.)

The sometimes astonishing appositeness of your religio-historical material undoubtedly comes from mysterious depths, as your kind explanation of certain features in the dream of Anup now shows. The fact that the jackal-headed god sits on a stone agrees exactly with the wording of Egyptian texts, where he is usually

described as "sitting on his rock." This, however, was not what you were referring to, in spite of the fact that you hit upon the right thing. You were rendering homage to a beautiful statue of Hermes. This I was unable to guess from the sentence: "I'll get rid of my head yet!" I did not exactly overlook this phrase, but all that I was conscious of was that I did not understand it.

For as a historian of religion I am not permitted to lump the Greek god with the Egyptian. Who and what Hermes is has been admirably described by Walter F. Otto in his book *Die Götter Griechenlands* (Bonn, 1929) which you must be certain to read, if you will pardon this urgent recommendation. The jackal-headed god is a different person. Not he, though indeed something primitive, in fact, a stone or heap of stones, namely the phallic herm, stands in the background of the classic Hermes figure. So if the stone is intended to indicate Hermes, it makes it all the more fascinating for me that, through this device, agreement with the old Egyptian conception was attained at the same time, in a very minor detail.

Now for those "backgrounds." There, many things merge into one another. W. F. Otto's classic descriptions, though they make ridiculous the attempt to understand the meaning and being of the gods through their historical genesis alone, still everywhere leave room for shades of meaning, as in the case of the wolf aspect of Apollo who seems to coincide here in his essence with primitive wolf gods. He reveals the same aspect of existence—only in a spiritualized Greek form—that they do.

To the background of Hermes belongs the fact that he is a phallic deity especially in his relation to the dead, as is maintained by a well-known archeologist on the basis of the use of herms as tombstones. For clearly he is "a spirit of the night," "the genius of her benevolence, enchantment, inventiveness and wisdom," (according to Otto). He is all the things implied by dæmonic night, "only translated into something more bold and masculine." The background is evidence that the "bold" element is this phallic boldness, irrepressible even in death, —at the same time a destructive and deadly thing, still titanic and shapeless in

the primeval world, but also animal- and satyr-like, as you rightly describe Anup. *His* nature is characterized by the shape of a nocturnal animal of Egypt; he bears the head of the body-thief, for in him the nocturnal world is revealed in its Egyptian manifestation. Apart from this, however, his essence does to a certain extent coincide with that of Hermes (hence the later Hermanubis). So that on these grounds one can accept his saying that he will yet get rid of his head.

The same is true of the things that Aphrodite and Ishtar have in common. How beautifully and truly Jacob testifies to this reality when—regretting his own God—at her hour he kisses her image. Again, the Greek goddess of course differs, in the totality of her particular world, from the Babylonian deity. But again also she possesses a background reaching down into dark depths, hinted at in her Greek cognomen “the black.”

And this brings me again to D. H. Lawrence. Long ago already I had worked out for myself this dark side of Aphrodite and had emphasized it in lectures, but not as succinctly as I now find it said in his *Twilight in Italy*: “She is the gleaming darkness, she is the luminous night, she is the Goddess of destruction, her white cold fire consumes and does not create.” What is important to me in him is the positive element he elicits, as one of the greatest poets and *Welterkenner*, from essentially silent nature, and renders accessible to the spirit so that it becomes the common property of conscious humanity. Whereas Klages, as the theorist, makes one aware of the oppressiveness of the negative aspect of this attitude. What this positive element is I can perhaps explain thus: One of the greatest and most human things in your Jacob novel is that we are made conscious of what a terrible thing it is for a man to have squandered love on the “wrong woman.” This I find in the best sense Lawrencian, and the wonderfully sympathetic treatment of moon worship at the beginning of the novel is Powysian, just as with Powys, particularly in *Wolf Solent*, many things are Thomas Mannian. His theoretical books, which you mention, are also very fine and of a sublime intelligence.

But I do not want to take up your time any longer with these

matters, especially as I am only now getting around to the most important thing, of concern not only to myself but probably to research in general. No one is as well-qualified as you are to comment on the novel-problem which I touched on in my book. But my book on the novel is too technical and in many respects is a youthful work. A while ago I had to occupy myself again with the problem when writing a review, which has not yet appeared, for *Gnomon*.⁴ With your permission I shall have the fundamental parts copied and sent to you in a few days, together with my book. And later also more, on the way in which the sequence *Buddenbrooks - Magic Mountain - Joseph*—in its return to the original source of the novel—is a kind of proof for my conception of the development of the Greek novel from myth to miracle tale to stories of ordinary life, —providing all this is not too much of a burden to you.

[*Karl Kerényi to Thomas Mann*]

Budapest; 13.III.34

The excerpts have now been copied, and I am sending you the book at the same time. It was a mistake on my part to have first submitted my results, in the style of a philological workshop, only to philologists. For of all people they were the least prepared for the essentials. . . . “Oui, ils sont charnel tous deux, l’amour et la mort, et voilà leur terreur et leur grande magie!”⁵ It was too much to ask that they should recognize the importance of the fact that in the Greek novel death plays a role closely allied below the surface with love, though denied on the top level. But the connection with the Isis and Osiris myth is evident precisely here. It is so generally human an element that one could not speak of borrowing but only of parallelism were it not for the fact that the Greek novels are so much less profound psycho-

⁴ *Gnomon* 1934, p. 301 ff., review of Rosa Söder: “Die apokryphen Apostelgeschichten u. die romanhafte Literatur der Antike” [The Apocryphal Tales of the Apostles and the Novelesque Literature of Antiquity] Stuttgart 1932.

⁵ *The Magic Mountain*.

logically than *The Magic Mountain*, and that the literary devices and religio-historical and textual points of contact are all apparent. And later, too, the novelist always stands, only less obviously, on this same borderline between the sphere of the Egyptian myth—the myth of death and love—and of the excitements of primitive *Weltanschauung* and the realm of the spirit (sometimes of the Christian or the materialistic or otherwise paralyzed spirit).

In antiquity the spirit also manifests itself in this connection as irony. For example, Petronius' material—a world of “picaresque” rogues, votaries of Priapus—was made possible for a novel by the use of irony. The same is true of Huxley's *Those Barren Leaves* or *Antic Hay*. Here lies the significance of Herr Settembrini in relation to the “Hades” of the *Magic Mountain*. . . . And now the newest development: *The Glastonbury Romance*, with its background of Celtic magic, and, almost at the same time, *Joseph*. . . . It appears, then, that the exploration of the myth is the self-appointed task of the greatest novelists. But the public does not know what to make of all this. And I wonder if one ought not to tell the widest possible audience, in intelligible language, that now at its zenith the novel returns to its primæval source and manifests its original nature. After all, I have waited seven years to take up again my theme of 1927, and I could probably wait even longer (I am now thirty-seven) until the time is riper.⁶ But I await your point of view and advice. I consider your comment the most important thing in deciding whether my conception of the novel, formed during my analysis of the corresponding genre in antiquity, is not artificial and forced.

[*Thomas Mann to Karl Kerényi*]

Küschnacht-Zürich; 24.III.34

Your book, which I have already studied, is a source of great stimulation to me, even if only of a vague and general nature. I

⁶ During this time only the lecture: “Die Papyri und das Problem des Griechischen Romans” [The Papyri and the Problem of the Greek Novel] was written, for the 2nd edition of *Apollon*.

admire its enormous learning and like its intuitive sense for inter-connections [Beziehungen] which has something infectious about it and makes the reader himself productive along these lines, so that relationships among the literatures of the world dawn on him that he would otherwise never have thought of.

For example, what was the connection between Cervantes and the Greek novel? Did he know and make use of these works? I happen to be reading *Don Quixote* again, or rather for the first time reading it thoroughly and all the way through. There are episodes in it which coincide amazingly with motifs from Heliodorus and the *Golden Ass*.⁷ The story of the theatre dagger (p. 31 of your book) has its exact parallel in a *Don Quixote* tale, where a country wedding is interrupted by the seemingly tragic suicide of the spurned lover, and then the bloody deed, to the complete surprise of the reader, turns out to have been a grotesque jest. Even more striking is the story in *Don Quixote* of the braying ass: about the two citizens who excel and rival each other in imitations of braying, and about the beating of one of them just because of this. Do you know an explanation of these similarities? Perhaps this is one: the Greek novel had strong connections with the East, and the East also influenced the Italian novella, through Boccaccio, and gave the latter many of his motifs. Boccaccio could have been the bridge between Cervantes and the Greek novel. Excuse this amateurish conjecture!

There is in general something wonderfully attractive and mysterious about the world of "relationships" [Beziehungen]. The word itself has had for a long time a peculiar fascination for me, and what it signifies plays an outstanding role in all my thinking and creative work. After reading your book I do not doubt that a relationship, born of inner necessity and intuition, will be shown to exist between my Joseph epic, particularly the third, Egyptian volume, and the orientally-influenced late Greek novel—a fan-

⁷ Heliodorus' "Ethiopian Stories" and the various versions of the "Golden Ass" (in Lucian and Apuleius) are discussed in *Die Griechisch-Orientalische Romanliteratur in religionsgeschichtlicher Beleuchtung* [cited supra]; also the motif of beating and its religious background. Thomas Mann returns to this theme in greater detail in *Leiden und Grösse der Meister*.

tastic and amusing thought. I need only read a sentence like the one in your note, p. 254: "To act a god always means, according to primitive thought, also to *be* god to a certain extent,"—to become aware of this relationship of ideas and of this instinctive adaptation.

Actually, my Joseph helps his career along through a dazzlingly clever impersonation and adaptation to the Tammuz-Osiris pattern whereby, aided by the beauty of his appearance he causes the people to take him halfway, in fact more than halfway, for a god, for *the* god. The deeper justification for the deception lies in the largely genuine mythical identity, and this is a motif I have "taken over" from the novel of antiquity—without knowing the latter. And how important in my third volume will be the motif of besieged "chastity" maintaining itself victoriously! You can imagine with what attention I read your comments on this peculiar theme.

The typed excerpts were welcome and important additions to your book, and I need hardly say that I take a lively interest in your plan of writing a treatise on the return of the modern novel to the myth, and of interpreting this as essentially a return to the original source. I can only advise you by all means to carry out this interesting idea. It is the greatest task of philological criticism to comment on such movements in the more naive and spontaneous regions of the spirit and to lend them meaning; the coincidence of cases proves that your observations are not constructed or forced, but full of life.

By chance I am in a position to give you another example: Alfred Döblin, in whose case also the tendency toward myth has for a long time been sometimes latent and sometimes manifest. He is at present at work on a Marduk novel, something about the wanderings of the Babylonian god. Very strange! Perhaps you will wait for the appearance of this book, perhaps also for the third volume of my Joseph. However, the latter could be examined conclusively from your point of view even now.

Translated by René Aeberhard and James Hull.

Completed and edited by Ximena de Angulo

Eternal Contemporaries

by Lawrence Durrell



I.

MANOLI OF COS

Down there below the temple
Where once the penitents scattered
Ashes of dead birds, Manoli goes
In his leaky boat, a rose tied to the rudder.

This is not the rose of all the world,
Nor the rose of Nostradamus or of Malory:
Nor is it Eliot's clear northern rose of the mind,
But precisely and unequivocally
The red rose Manoli picked himself
From the vocabulary of roses on the hill by Cefalû.

II.

MARK OF PATMOS

Mark has crossed over to Mount Olivet,
Putting aside the banneret and the drum.
He inhabits now that part of himself
Which lay formerly desolate and uncolonised.
He works that what is to come to pass may come
And the birth of the common heart be realised.

What passed with him? A flower dropped
In the boat by a friend, the cakes
His sister brought with the unposted letter.

Yet all the island loafers watched, disturbed,
The red sails melt into the sky distended,
And each turned angrily to his lighted house
Feeling, not that something momentous
Had begun, but that their common childhood
Had foundered in the Syrian seas and ended.

III.

DIMITRI OF CARPATHOS

Four card-players: an ikon of the saint
On a pitted table among eight hands
That cough and spit or close like mandibles
On fortunate court-cards or on the bottle
Which on the pitted paintwork stands.
Among them one whose soft transpontine nose
Fuller of dirty pores pricked on a chart
Has stood akimbo on the turning world
From Cimbaloo to Smyrna shaken hands,
Tasted the depth of every hidden sound.
In wine or poppy a drunkard with a drunkard's heart,
And never yet was known to pay his round.

Meanwhile below in harbour his rotten boat,
Beard-green from winter-quarters turns
Her scraggy throat and nudges the northern star,
And like a gypsy burns and burns: goes wild
Till something climbs the hill
And stands beside him at the tavern-table,
To pluck his careless elbow like a child.

IV.
A RHODIAN CAPTAIN

Ten speechless knuckles lie upon a knee
Among their veins, gone crooked over voyages,
Made by this ancient captain. Life has now
Contracted like the pupil of an eye
To a slit in space and time for images
Of all he has seen of sage and arbutus:
Touched berries where the golden eagle chooses
Its chariot of air and dumb trap
In islands fortunate as Atlantis was—

Yet while we thought him voyaging through life
He was really here in truth outside a doorpost
In the shade of the eternal vine, his wife,
With the same tin plate of olives on his lap.

Rats!

BEHAVIOR AMONG BEHAVIORISTS

by Inez Thrift



WHAT Charlie McCarthy is to Edgar Bergen, or Chaucer to the Medievalists, the white rat is to the comparative psychologist: take away the albino and his occupation's gone!

The *social* psychologist uses human beings for subjects and requires many types of apparatus, whose names, at any rate, are formidable—tachistoscope, stabilimeter, electroencephalograph, kinephantoscope—though, to tell the truth, they are usually made of cardboard and mirrors. But the comparative psychologist needs only a cage of rats and a maze to begin with. Just any old maze will do—square or circular, level or elevated, block or skeleton, open or enclosed single or multiple T or Y, RLRLRLRR or LRLRRLRLL. Later, when he begins to sterilize, castrate, enucleate, decorticate, and section, he will need a simple set of surgical instruments, though being a man of great ingenuity he could probably make out with a razor blade and some scotch tape.

The white rat hasn't always been his favorite subject. To begin with, he, too, was interested in his fellowmen. In the first number of the *Journal of Comparative Psychology*, published twenty-five years ago, eight of the twenty-one articles were on human beings, emphasizing the psychological problems of aviators; six were on the rat; while the remaining seven dealt with snails, star fish, and dogs. Ten years later, in 1931, of a total of thirty-five articles, only eight were on human beings, while twenty-one were on rats. And so the trend has continued until in recent years only an occasional article on human beings appears. The reasons for thus cutting himself off from his own kind and the advantages of his

preoccupation with the rat become apparent as one reads the *Journal*.

The comparative psychologist is apparently an out-and-out "behaviorist" and never allows such words as mind, will, soul, consciousness to pass his lips. Psychology, he maintains, has nothing to do with the human psyche, though its name unfortunately suggests that it does. Instead it is concerned solely with "behavior," that is, with stimulus and response, habit formation, conditioning, and the like. These may be studied more easily in animals than in men. In fact, there is no dividing line between men and animals. Animal psychology is the general or basic approach and human psychology merely a special branch. Just how special is suggested by such titles as "Problem Solving by Idiots," "The Relative Nature of Human Preference: with an Experiment on the Palatability of Different Varieties of Sweet Corn," "Motility in Seventy-three New-Born Infants," and "Studies in Fetal Behavior: Fetal Hiccups."

The reason for confining this last study to human beings is that as yet hiccups have not been identified in any animal fetus. Data for this article was obtained from forty-eight prospective mothers in the last two lunar months of their pregnancies. Now until her attention is directed to the "sudden, quick jerk or thump recurring at regular intervals every two to four seconds," which identifies the hiccup, the mother may describe the experience as a "strange beat, low in the abdomen, which is too slow to be her heart beat." (Isn't it also in the *wrong* place?) Once it has been explained to her, the mother readily distinguishes this type from kicking and squirming, thrusting with hands and feet, and other fetal movements.

Hiccups were diagnosed in thirty-three of the forty-eight fetuses. Six other mothers *thought* they detected them but couldn't be sure. Still others reported with certainty that they had noticed hiccups while at home but never during the laboratory period. Some reported that hiccups are apt to occur when they have been shocked or emotionally upset; others insisted it was only when they were relaxed that they occurred. (Such shilly-shallying and

failure to agree is doubtless one thing that has turned the comparative psychologist against human subjects. All physicians agree that ninety-six percent of any woman's account of her symptoms is unreliable—a mere babble. The rat doesn't say anything!)

The important question, according to the writer of "Fetal Hiccups," is whether the hiccuping fetus differs as an infant from the non-hiccuping. We think this is taking a short-range view. Isn't it more pertinent to ask—Does the hiccuping fetus differ in his adult drinking habits from the non-hiccuper? Was Gargantua, for instance, a hiccuper? We know that "as soon as he was born, he cried not as other babes use to do, *miez, miez, miez*, but with a high sturdy and big voice shouted, 'Some drink, some drink, some drink!'" Whereupon his delighted father named him Gargantua. It is forever too late to find out whether the great drinkers of the past, Gargantua, Falstaff, Sir Toby, were fetal hiccopers, but we could begin a nation-wide study of the problem at once through radio and audience-participation programs.

This gradual but almost complete shift in subjects from man to the rat, who is now the unchallenged head of the experimental hierarchy, was not made without other claimants. Noteworthy among these were the cow, the pig, and the guinea pig.

One woman experimenter made a persuasive appeal for giving the cow a place in experimental psychology in "Conditioning Cows to the Pail as a Signal." "Cows are probably the most misunderstood of all our domestic animals," she writes. "A bovine existence is not one of ease. Like all factories, cows work continuously upon their raw products. . . . And they bear young every twelve to fourteen months." The cow's well-known clumsiness is largely explained by her breeding, which has resulted in her becoming "a mere annex to an udder of gigantic proportions." This woman, who worked for three years with forty-one cows belonging to the Cornell University Agricultural Experiment Station, no doubt top-ranking in the bovine hierarchy, believes that "due to her abnormal development for lactation, the cow has greater capacity for affection than any other animal." "A cow's reputation for dumbness," she concludes, "is due to her maternal

complacency and the lack of opportunity for varied activity."

At first the reader of the *Journal of Comparative Psychology* may be puzzled by this application of human terms to animals. But he will get used to it. And it helps to make him realize that there is no dividing line between men and animals when he reads about "Social Behavior, Organization, and Leadership in a Small Flock of Domestic Sheep," "Rivalry in Young Chicks," and "Neighborly Relations in Swine." Of course, Ruskin might consider all this merely a twentieth-century form of the pathetic fallacy.

The pig has fared little better than the cow in comparative psychology. He got off to a bad start in the early days of animal experimentation when Pavlov pronounced him the most nervous of all animals. "All pigs are hysterical," he declared. Others, however, praise the pig for cooperation and steadiness. But even these pro-pig-men admit that "early indoctrination is a prime requisite." They recommend putting the animal on a leash and taking him for a fifteen-minute daily walk from the time he is six weeks old. Reward him with a dog biscuit. They further concede that the "stubborn, independent nature of the pig results in a different type of *rapport* between the subject and the experimenter than that found when the friendly and submissive dog or the easily dominated sheep is used."

One pig, by name Juno, recently got herself in the *Journal* when she provided material for "Tantrum Behavior in a Pig." At the time of the incident, Juno, who apparently had not been indoctrinated in her suckling days, weighed 425 pounds and showed complete lack of any kind of *rapport* with the experimenter, who was trying to get her salivary, cardiac, and motor indices. Daily, for a period of two weeks, Juno threw a tantrum every time she was brought into the laboratory. She chewed up the salivary cups, broke the glass reservoirs, and trampled the small apparatus under foot—in short, she raised particular hell. It was finally discovered that clipping her sides would soothe her: "Her grunting and struggling ceased, her eyes closed, her breathing became regular and her whole body relaxed." After

there was nothing left to clip, just running the clippers over her flanks had the same effect. When the psychologist makes such discoveries as this, one feels what a pity it is that he has lost touch with his fellowmen and will never apply his findings to them.

The guinea pig, too, had his little day, or perhaps one should say *night*, when it was discovered that "his reproductive behavior is of unusual complexity." One observer—this seems a more appropriate term than *experimenter* when speaking of reproductive behavior, for evidently all *rappoport* with human beings ends when this activity begins—one observer listed fifteen "responses" for the male guinea pig and eleven for the female—vocalizing, pursuit, nosing, swaying, biting, kissing, etc. Now this at once put the guinea pig above the rat in the mating behavior hierarchy, for the latter has only six steps in his responses. Rat-men, sensing the danger, took another look-see. They were able to put on two shifts of observers, for they had discovered that what is ordinarily a nocturnal activity (the female rat is "receptive" from seven in the evening to about midnight and shows a nearly complete loss of sex interest around daybreak) could be changed to a diurnal one through conditioning the cage with artificial light. But observers working twenty-four hours a day were not able, honestly, to say that there were more than six elements in the "overt pattern" of the rat's mating behavior. The rat himself, cooperative as usual, did his level best. One eager little fellow repeated the overt pattern fifty-three times in a twenty-minute period, which broke *that* record! But he didn't add a single element to the pattern! He just couldn't—because, you see, he doesn't "learn" this type of behavior: he's born with the know-how! As early as 1922 it was established that the mating behavior of the inexperienced male rat is "plainly instinctive" since he is just as finished and expert in his first mating as in his thousandth, even when he has been raised in complete isolation.

This stepped-up activity of the rat-men, though it didn't produce the results hoped for, did yield some interesting side-lights. It was found, for instance, that although an aggressive male and a receptive female will display the appropriate activity in any

type of cage, a circular one is ideal since in it the "temporarily resistant female is deprived of corners in which she can crouch and prevent the male's mounting response."

Even more important was the analysis made of "the stimuli adequate to elicit mating behavior in the inexperienced male rat." "One of the most important problems in the field of animal behavior," we are told in the introduction or *apologia pro experimento suo*, "is the accurate definition of the stimuli activating complex patterns of response. The need for such analysis is especially pressing in studies of innately organized behavior (of which mating is one). . . . It is really imperative," continues the psychologist, "that we make a serious effort to define the adequate stimulus. . . . We have gone far enough in this work to be sure that an animal rarely reacts to what the experimenter regards as the stimulus. (Strange!) The true basis can be discovered only by systematic variation of all parts and properties of the supposed stimulus."

"The systematic variation of all parts and properties of the supposed stimulus," led to the following series of experiments with inexperienced male rats:

Five had their olfactory bulbs destroyed

Five were blinded by enucleation of the eyes

Five were deprived of cutaneous sensibility in the snout,

 lips, and lower jaw by sectioning of the sensory nerves

Two were blinded *and* deprived of olfactory bulbs

Two were blinded *and* subjected to the nerve sectioning

Two were deprived of olfactory *and* cutaneous sensibility

Two were rendered anosmic, blind, and deprived of cu-
taneous sensibility

Twelve unoperated inexperienced males were used for
"control" tests.

The tests were carried on "in a quiet windowless room," in a cage two feet square and two feet deep. The psychologist dictated his observations to his assistant, who has the honor of having her name given in a footnote to the forty-five page article. A motion picture camera made its record.

The two specific questions which it was expected the tests would answer were (1) Are the copulative reactions of the adult virgin male rat elicited exclusively by the receptive female? (2) What sensory quality or combination of qualities constitute an adequate stimulus? To determine the adequacy of the stimuli, a "responsiveness" rating scale, with a range from zero to four, was made from observations of the mating behavior of *experienced* males.

The results? In that quiet, windowless room, under the glare of bright lights, with the motion picture camera clicking away, and with the scientific gaze of the observer fixed upon him, each of the five blinded, the five anosmic, and the five cutaneously insensitive rats, even as their "unoperated" brothers, went through the age-old rhythm of their "mating behavior pattern." But the *number of times* each of the operated rats repeated the pattern was smaller than in the control group. The six who had been deprived of *two* senses and the two deprived of *three* senses did *not* respond to the "incentive" animals. The grand conclusion: "Neither olfaction, vision, nor cutaneous sensibility is *essential* to mating in the inexperienced male rat, though he receives stimuli from all three."

Anyone familiar with the thoroughness of the scientist and with his love of knowledge for its own sake, untainted by commercial or utilitarian ends, will not be surprised to learn that the above experiment has been followed by many series of investigations, not yet completed, into this particular behavior pattern, investigations involving removal of various parts of the brain, of sterilization of the female, castration of the male, and other operative procedures, as well as vitamin deficiency diets and the use of certain drugs. To date, as well as the mere layman can make out, Nature still retains the major part of her secret! And apparently she still sustains, through all his experimental vicissitudes, this small, insignificant link in her chain of being.

While on the comparative psychologist's favorite subject of mating behavior, let's make a quick run through a few of the many articles in which he sedulously plays Peeping Tom to creatures ranging from the lizard to the African lion.

“Courtship Behavior and Sexual Selection of Anolis” (a lizard). Studies of courtship behavior in birds “show a very active cooperation between the sexes.” A similar degree of cooperation has been found among American Sunfish. Naturally some comparative psychologist wondered whether this same admirable trait was possessed by the lizard. And indefatigable as ever, he made 1,133 observations on the courtship and mating of thirty-seven males and forty-three females. He found they had it too; cooperation, we mean. The males display their dewlaps and the females nod their heads in courtship. In the presence of several males, the female chooses the male who displays his dewlap most frequently. “The precise and predictable behavior of the adult male is quite different from the hesitant uncertainty of the juvenile. . . . Females isolated for two or three months are far more apt to receive the male than one kept with a male in a small cage. In the latter case, social contacts (*sic*) were too frequent and hence their mutual stimulation lacked the necessary urge.”

“Mating a Blond Ring-Dove with Two Females Simultaneously”: a shocking article revealing bigamy among pigeons, who have always been held up for our admiration as Nature’s true monogamists. This ring-dove carried out all the usual billing and cooing, nest building, egg sitting, and infant feeding, with two hens at the same time for four successive matings! He just divided his time between the two! Since in a state of nature the pairs go off by themselves to nest, “one speculates,” concludes the writer, “that the dove is true to his mate primarily for lack of opportunity to have another.”

“Copulatory Behavior of the Golden Hamster.” This Syrian rat, a newcomer to our shores, is plainly being pushed as a substitute for the albino in experimental psychology. But his color (not to be disguised by calling him “golden”) is against him. Scientists just don’t like to work with *gray* rats! On the other hand, the Hamster has undeniable points of advantage. He mates at any time of the day or year! *And* he has two really unique elements in his mating pattern, growing out of the fact that the male is smaller than the female. (Sorry, we can’t quote. But the curious

reader may find a graphic description in the April, 1946, *Journal of Comparative Psychology*.)

“An Exploratory Study of the African Lion.” This was not a field study but was made on a California lion farm, where some two hundred lions, most of them about eight years old (young adults, that is) were observed. The lioness was found to be not only more bellicose than the male, but in courtship and mating “the female is definitely the aggressor. . . . At all times the male seems to be on his guard.” (Warning: This article should be read only by those who are naturally phlegmatic or whose fires have been extinguished by age. Others should not undertake it *except on doctor's orders*. The description of the explosion of the atom bomb at Bikini is as moonlight to sunlight, and as water to wine when compared with this observer's description of the innately organized behavior of a couple of eight-year-old *Felis Leos*.)

To conclude this part of our survey of the *Journal of Comparative Psychology*, we return to the white rat, in one of the most provocative of all experiments with this ready little animal: “Preferential Responses of Male Albino Rats to Food and Receptive Females.” Yes, you have it! Does he prefer females or food? Now as early as 1925 an experimenter had the bright idea “of pitting a food incentive against a receptive female.” He found that the rats preferred food in 77 percent of the trials! But Experimenter No. 2, as is usual in such cases, was not satisfied with the conditions under which the earlier results were obtained. And worse yet, Experimenter No. 1 later found that his males were relatively impotent. “This fact renders the interpretation of his findings somewhat hazardous,” understates Experimenter No. 2, “because the use of impotent rats in a study of sexual motivation would seem to be analagous to using non-hungry animals in a study of food motivation. (You're right! a hundred percent right!) So it appeared worthwhile (well, anyway it would be *exciting*) to repeat the experiment.”

A cage 54” x 54” was constructed, with two “incentive” compartments made of screen wire so the incentive objects (food and female, as you well know if you are following us) are visible and

also that "the odors from each may diffuse freely." These compartments were reached by a fairly simple "maze" or runway.

The animals used were one-year-old males "with a high degree of sexual aggressiveness." Preliminary trials were given in which each animal was allowed to examine the cage; then a series of controlled runs were made in which the animal was required to go alternately to the female and to the food and to sample each —"make appropriate use of each" as the writer puts it. During these preliminaries, we regret to say, a few of these presumably "aggressive" little males *went to sleep* outside the incentive compartments! Naturally, *they* were eliminated.

Ten choice trials were given daily, for twenty-five days, to twelve males. Complete records were kept of the behavior of each rat for each of the two hundred and fifty trials, showing which of the incentives he chose, the time he required to reach it, and whether he made proper use of it. In checking on the final results we find that the behavior differed not only among rats, but on different days for the same rat. But more surprising, in a few instances, the male, after apparently choosing the female, did not pay any further attention to her! "Possibly," writes Experimenter No. 2, "it is more logical to assume he went there by mistake, or that the female afforded a *social* but not a sexual stimulus. . . . Certainly the possibility of social stimulation as opposed to sexual cannot be excluded." *This* we consider the most mature surmise offered by any comparative psychologist in twenty-five years.

The final results? "Most of the males chose the food more often than the female. Only rats No. 6 and No. 7 have a greater total of sex choices than food: nevertheless, there were many nights when a given male chose the female more often than the food. . . . Choices at the outset of each night's trials favored food predominantly, but at the end of each nightly series the choices favored the sex incentive. For the group as a whole, a fifty-fifty relationship appeared near trials seven and eight. On trials eight, nine, and ten the number of sex choices exceeded that of food."

By this time it must be pretty clear why the comparative psychologist prefers animals to human beings as subjects, why he

prefers especially the docile, non-selfconscious and prolific white rat. But the event that finally settled his choice was doubtless when he discovered some years ago that he could induce in the rat nervous disorders similar to his own—the neuroses, particularly frustration, conflict, and fixation, epileptic convulsions, and what he calls “audiogenic” or “sonogenic” seizures. (Small Latin and less Greek enables anyone to get the meaning of the psychologist’s jargon.)

For years it had looked as though the rat could stand anything, that he could take all the punishment man could devise. After all kinds and degrees of scientifically calculated deficiency diets, after all kinds of disabling operations, he remained—a friend to man. Although many temptations and perversions had been suggested to him, his behavior was still as innocent and natural as on that primal day. He had also proved himself a ready “learner” up to a certain point.

But when his learning problems were increased beyond his capacity, when the “goal” in a difficult maze he had learned was shifted on him and his efforts to get food after twenty-four hours of “starvation” were thus frustrated time after time; and when *in addition*, a high-pitched Galton whistle was sounded continuously in his cage, and blasts of compressed air up to thirty pounds pressure were turned on his hind quarters—all this together was too much. He just couldn’t take it! And even as you and I in comparable situations, he had a “nervous breakdown.” This showed itself in “belly crawling, teeth gnashing, spasmodic starting from side to side, shivering, biting, convulsions, and coma.” Though hundreds of experiments have been made, involving thousands of rats, there is still much difference of opinion as to the part played in the neuroses and seizures by “conflict” and by noise-fright and other forms of physical “punishment.” This naturally calls for more experiments under more ingeniously devised conditions.

A recent article (a condensation of a Doctor of Philosophy thesis) shows some of these refinements. The Galton whistle has been replaced by an electric buzzer on the floor of the cage; com-

pressed air by pin pricks. The electric shock is now administered by "grasping the back of the rat's head and body and attaching to his ears gauze-wrapped, alligator-clip electrodes soaked in electrode jelly. Eighty-five volts of ordinary alternating current are then passed through the brain for 0.2 seconds." This usually produces a "general maximal convulsion." But, the Doctor of Philosophy has found that if he follows the rat about the cage, *shaking a can of nails*, and making menacing gestures, the shock is 15-20 percent more effective! (Isn't he omitting something? Witch doctors and medicine men also paint their faces!)

But there are signs that Nature is coming to the rescue of the rat, if certain behavior, so far observed in only one rat, can be looked upon as prophetic. This unique little fellow, known as BI, was a "maze-bright" rat (high I.Q., that is), more lively and aggressive than his five cage mates. He was also an active retriever and frequently snatched food from the others. Plainly BI was no "cowrin, tim'rous beastie." And when he was "frustrated to the saturation point," by a kind of third degree too complicated to go into here, he developed his own compensatory behavior—he took to *biting his nails!*

After his pleasant and diverting sojourn among the animals, we believe it's time the psychologist remembered that his proper study is man. We need him! If it's frustration he wants to study we have plenty of it. Only yesterday a United States senator admitted over the air, "When I am asked to pass on three or four separate bills, involving billions of dollars, in a single day, I feel a sense of frustration." Plainly, the Senator has almost reached the "saturation point." All the psychologist needs to do is to get him into a quiet, windowless room, turn on the Galton whistle, adjust the compressed air to the equivalent of thirty pounds pressure *per rat's weight*, start the motion picture camera, call in the young lady assistant, and begin. If we might make a suggestion—couldn't all the rats, that is, all not previously enucleated, be invited in to witness the experiment? When the supply of senators runs out, there's the "harried" small business man and the "over wrought" young mother, all nearing the saturation point.

But even if the white rat escapes from artificially induced nervous breakdown, we foresee other trials ahead. "Can the Chimpanzee Become a Morphine Addict?" asks a writer in a recent issue of the *Journal*. If the chimpanzee can't, you know who might!

Mohammedans believe that certain individual animals, Baa-lim's ass, Elijah's ravens, Abraham's ram and several others, because of their signal kindnesses to man, have been admitted to heaven. The Buddhists venerate as so many saintly heroes and even as pre-incarnations of Buddha, the elephant who voluntarily embraced martyrdom, the stag and the monkey who sacrificed themselves for their people, the hare and the wild goose who consented to death in order to save the faithful from starvation. Surely Jehovah will make a place for the millions of white rats who have lived and died in the service of science. If we might offer a suggestion to Him—why not give one of the outer, and presumably uninhabited, planets of Uranus, Neptune, or Pluto, to the albino?

If Dante is right then there will be only a faint effulgence of light on those planets so remote from the center and source of all radiance, God Himself. But since the rat is nocturnal in his habits, he will find this half-light, this glimmering dawn, just to his liking. And later mystics in visions may see, beyond the ruby cross formed by the souls of the martyrs on Mars, the fifth heaven, and beyond the imperial eagle of the just rulers on Jupiter, the sixth, another insignia made of myriads of ruby-colored eyes, a single-T maze, the white rat's badge of service.

A Short Way by Rail

by George Stiles



I WAS beginning to find that the heat, that everybody else talked of apprehensively in murmurs as if it had been plain evidence of a threat against his comfort, was not so great now as I had expected.

As for Christine, her blonde skin was composed and pale as always, and but lightly tinted but not by warmth. In my own mind I would have put it that she looked normal if I had not had a terror of the word. All the same, she did: she was almost exactly the young bride. Long before now I had occasion to observe the other passengers' wry interest in us, I could easily guess what each was thinking. What was in their minds was, I knew, but partly true: but they were not far wrong, either, in looking upon us old fashionedly as lovers to be left circumspectly, more or less, to ourselves. Christine alone did not, however, notice. She was seeing less today, at the same time manifesting a wide interest in everything, outside our windows, which moved. The train was speeding now; the uncertain landscape appeared animated, as trees and wire-hung poles raced with stiff strides out of and into the vision, and the dwarfed houses and spineless fences chased after a long way before dropping, thwarted, behind. I was naming things to myself, out of habit, for habitually I named them aloud to Christine who was so charmed at such times by the sounds that she would forget, that is, disregard the simplest of meanings and this, at least, kept her amused. I say it kept her amused, yet do I know enough, even now, about that?

The car we were riding in was filled. Now and then an idle

passenger wandered, lost, up through the aisles in search of a seat or, perhaps, a solitary familiar face. I knew no one aboard the train; still, Christine's rapt features drew many glances and again and again I saw strangers smile at us almost lovingly. At this I would gaze out of the window. Even if I had felt friendly toward everybody, all such overtures from people customarily made me distant. Christine responded exquisitely to admiration, yet with thoroughbred reserve. She was far less shy than she looked. Her tranquil expression may have seemed gravity itself to anyone knowing no other side of her.

In particular, I had seen, she had charmed the woman that sat facing us. I had more than once forcibly to suppress the temptation to stare back at her, the fattest creature I ever saw. Her sensual figure spilled into all but a bare inch or two of her seat and all throughout the ride nobody else even attempted to share it with her. Her steamy face was pampered, as rosy as an infant's, with short deep irregular lines round the mouth, under the ashy-lidded eyes and upon either side of the nut-shaped nose. These did not appear to me to be marks of anguish or scars of suffering: unless I was wrong, they were signs healthily imprinted by a laughing disposition. Her mouth writhed frequently. I could tell even without looking that she was watching Christine and smiling, flirting as women openly do with other women and young very appealing girls.

At a movement of mine Christine now tilted her head, as if out of expectation, although her attention did not alter. She had not spoken, not a stray syllable, not even the sinister word that she had idly picked out of somewhere and that she still used now, abruptly, at intervals.

I sat back with my set lips close to her ear, to take up where I had left off in my brain. At the sound of my voice Christine squirmed with delight. As we fled I pointed out objects that I had learned from experience would interest her. It had grown to be a game with Christine. To me, however, it was less as it was more than this, a shadowy sport as well as a duty as exacting as conjugal behaviour. I handled her attention as though I could

reach it with my touch, to direct and restore it, subject it or control it or betray it. So slight a rectitude this, that now I must practise toward my marriage trust.

The fat lady was looking on and listening pacifically, an ingrained smile on her unalluring pink wet lips. We were too awkwardly situated for even moderate comfort. Christine sat with eyes downcast, yet did not seem to mind the woman, who had nowhere to look, save at us, at Christine, that is, as I, surely, held no such attraction for her. I do not care for being overheard and stared at. I was equally displeased with the present accommodations but we had arrived late at the train, too late to change them and I could only look ahead to the end of a grating ride, though without real pleasure, in simple anticipation of relief. I longed so to be by myself to think about Christine. Her composed presence diverted me from everything, save attempting to amuse her. I marveled at her depth. How deep did she, did anyone, go? I was not able to answer even for myself. Had my first perfect happiness been merely faked emotion, was this then, I was thinking, a stage destined to pass into yet another and quite different stage, was happiness a temporary absence of suffering, I wondered, and wondered, too, what further extension grief could take. Absently, I pointed to an object which danced and glimmered in the dead scene like something come tentatively to life. Christine only laughed and blushed pleasurabley.

Although I have not the tobacco habit, I found that suddenly I longed to smoke. I put my hand an instant discreetly upon Christine's elbow, then left her by herself. She was comfortable just as she was, whereas I was not. Moreover, I had begun to be aware of my nerves. This, though, was not a condition that ordinarily would have alarmed me much but I was in a state today to take exception to anyone or anything. I feared that I would soon be weakly spying on myself, seeking out symptoms that I might treasure them as disorders. The doctor, having anticipated this, kindly had cautioned against it. He warned me to try and be careful, for Christine's sake. For, to keep Christine happy (there is no denying, she is happy: one need but look at her, exactly as

that brute of a woman was doing) I had patiently to mislead, not alone ourselves but, so it seemed, the world.

I was thinking squarely about all this now as I came back to my seat. I had purposely left my cigar unfinished although to my surprise the woman already had Christine in conversation and they were talking together, not as strangers, but comfortably, as friends. That is, Christine was listening about as usual, her eyes lit by an eager, susceptible glow, and our fat neighbor was talking in a deep, veiled and, I thought, obscene voice that seemed to have been shaped by the pads of succulent flesh at her throat.

For the first time as she looked up at me I noted the complicitous expression of her eyes. The pupils were a jaded blue and unsettling, as if possessed of wanton secrets. I resumed my place somewhat guardedly, prepared to listen although in a mood to decline to participate. But as it turned out, she took no notice of my reluctance and nearly swamped me in her unsought cordiality. "—your wife—your own dear sweet little bride," she caroled; and gestured as if she would regally confer the one of us upon the other.

"Though as I was now but saying," she added, for my benefit raising her voice, tediously, I felt, and disquietingly, "I was but going on somewhat about my own first ride up this here way—my honeymoon," the woman shouted, gaily.

She was deaf and, like the deaf, a good many of them, she spoke out at us as though we were. I was relieved by this of having to think up even a tepid reply.

Christine was regarding her with peculiar interest; and so, too, I could tell, were several of the passengers near us, as anybody might, for she was as loud in appearance as she was to overhear.

"The first that I'd done any travelin' it was with a man." Her falsetto gurgle could not possibly have been mistaken for anything save what it sounded like, a lewd shrill underscoring of her relish at the satisfactory falling out of that now far-distant occasion. "Took to it and that from the start," she crowed and clapped her thigh, laughing all the time, it must have seemed to her, ro-

guishly. I murmured something, then glanced uneasily under my lids at Christine. She was sitting forward, looking reflective.

She was loosely poised in the seat alongside me, her long hard fingers joined, with the white silver wedding band visible and the sole outward sign that she was, not the virgin of her girlish looks and youthful purity, but a woman with a woman's known urgencies and secret and sudden demands. Our blubbery companion shifted her person and leaned with a sigh that ran like a lazy shudder throughout all that globose figure. She hunched and gently rapped Christine upon the kunkle just above her marriage ring. "But I was a happy woman, child." And she sat or rather heaved back against the leather wadding and wiped at her steaming face with a bandanna that was wet and much streaked with rouge.

"You must think yourself fortunate, extremely," I remarked. But I had neglected to speak out. And I suspected my words were flattened or so drowned by the locomotion of the train that she did not answer; she was tugging at the stiff fastenings of her purse and now brought out a limp and wilted paper bag that she implacably offered to, I suppose, the two of us.

"Cherries?" she trumpeted. I had already declined for both of us when Christine reached in and selected from among the gluey crop a single round firm red specimen that she held wonderfully between her fingertips.

"Ripe cherries," brayed the woman, her eyes steaming. Her bosom rolled and surged softly, and her abdomen brimmed for an instant underneath her brown satin dress and then receded voluptuously. "Who'll pluck a juicy cherry?" She wiped her eyes and looked around. People had begun to notice us. They were stealing glances at our curious circle.

But the fat lady, hermetically eating, sucked the fruit between her nubile lips and noisily crushed them, spitting out the bare seeds at our feet. Her teeth were patently false and were loose and showy. Her shallow mouth was stained where the crimson dye had run down in a wavering track to her chin.

I was concerned, myself, a little, about her effect upon Chris-

tine. I had no need to, really. For Christine, although pale, looked to my eyes enraptured.

Instead of at once tasting it, she was treasuring the cherry as if it had been a real gem. She was turning it over and over the better, perhaps, to admire its rarity; and the other jewel, the instant sun, was lambent upon its ripe rich coat. Within the rim of our window, scenes uprooted, tossed and chromatically altered. I have no stomach for landscape, for, that is, almost empty design for all its old green feathery tinting and serene piety: for, having lived my life in the rabid city, I had need for things tall and precarious, for the bulb-eyed bridges and lit buildings and urban sky, dim and plain and adequate. It may be that to weak surroundings one opposes one's northern force. Yet what force, native or otherwise, is sufficient to influence this deep matchless quiet brilliance of the country that, hooded and shifty, we were just then dodging through?

"We ought to be there soon," I remarked.

But in spite of a sane effort on my part the words held a telling note that might have been lost on Christine. For she only nodded, dreamily. And again I wondered what she was thinking, once more, as in the past, was tempted to probe her. Men, that is to say some of them, and in certain particulars, are familiar with the women they marry. Love, and sometimes marriage, and all the predictable variations, great infatuation and greater lust, threatens estrangement through the very intimacy that, at first sought after, is too easily gained and is therefore unthinkingly debased. Had that been the way with ourselves? Yet had I not been assured upon authority that I had played no part in my wife's alienation? I was, in effect, told that Christine was not capable of love, only affection. I, her husband, must expect to share the same place in her girl-like thoughts that had been occupied by Tao, her cherished chow bitch, that Christine had shed tears to leave behind yet had forgotten this soon, it was plain to be seen. Moreover, I had nothing, not another thing save my presumed lack of guilt, to comfort me. And I required of myself more than innocence by fiat.

But now the fat woman turned her moist glance upon me, commiseratingly. "You got that way in the War," she uttered, clucking.

"No," I answered, between set teeth.

Her sharpness had been at the same time more than I anticipated. She must have noticed that I limped. In making my way to my seat I had been, perhaps, overly circumspect; few observers were aware, even so, of my slight deformity. This one, though, possessed the sight of a vulture. And I could even see her smiling in sweet womanish sympathy, but for Christine, though, and not for me. For no doubt she was thinking that so enchanting a soft creature might have demanded more of life, been handed more than a partly damaged mate. Though my imagination was too energetic perhaps, I saw, or thought I saw, all this behind the bold false appearance that masked her mockery. But she only clucked once more.

"Reely?" she wheedled. Her little pink mouth was squeezed in and she sighed. "You must be very happy," she said, inconsequentially. "I was, I know. To have a man," she added, and guilefully stressed the word. I gazed back at her, steadily. She seemed taken up as before with Christine. "A woman that's got herself a man," she added, "she don't have the call to bein' *unhappy*." And she laughed, her skin flushed hectically. "I always was," she wheezed, in a fit of ecstasy, "Danny always says I'm on the man's side of the bargain. Oh well, I can't resist it's bein' me second nature. No daughters of Eve can get on 'thout an inch more or less of the ol' serpent. Ask any of the men, why don't you? Now a blessed saint wasn't meant to be the satisfyin' of a one of 'um. The dears."

I had never said it was or it was not our honeymoon. Christine's white dress, that gave depth and simple appeal to her purely accidental pallor, and her stillness that could be mistaken for a bride's ripe fears, her palpable youth, for she looked only as young as she was, all combined to enforce a doubtless perfectly justified belief concerning the nature of our private journey. Certainly I had every right to expect that we be left to ourselves:

and I did, you perceive, feel cheated. At the same time I tried not to show that I was irritated. I cannot say how successful I was but the woman cooed and gurgled as though she had caught me being embarrassed.

“My wife—,” I began, severely.

“Oh, the dear.” She nodded in understanding. “Don’t I know it? So lovable and sweet—.” And she displayed her insufferable teeth in a demure smile.

“Not at all. My wife,” I said, “must not on any account be excited.” Aside from its awkward wording, which distressed me once I had uttered it, there was not a thing wrong, to my mind, with so downright a statement.

The fat woman’s face worked in spasms. Her body jarred and rumbled. “To be sure.” She flung her head back against the untidy leather. “I’ll not say a word now.” She did more: she uttered inexplicable sounds—bhutt—bhutt—bhutt. These came up from her stomach and scarcely varied. Christine looked into my face, then she laughed, too, perplexedly.

Until now she had been happily docile. Ever since we had arrived late at the station she had been subdued and expectant. I could not but wonder what it was that she was thinking about while she remained intent and quiet here at my side.

Her father, distressed by an invalid wife he could not or did not dare to leave, as well as shocked through and through at Christine’s mocking fancies, had been cordial enough at the end; although either of us might have remembered, had we chosen, earlier wounding instances that were, moreover, more safely left, if only they would, to die out or somehow disappear. In merely shaking hands in farewell, though, it seemed that we all unintentionally had stirred the secret ubiquitous shapes again into momentary semblances. At that I recalled, even if he did not, that first occasion when Christine had publicly announced her strangeness (we had been married a week or, I think, less) and Christine had, not, you understand, stealthily, but astoundingly walked the entire distance back to her home, her bare feet bruised and with welts upon her white arms and tears streaking her girl-

ish beautiful face. I had not abused her as Christine had with fertile untruth maintained to her father. (It was the first time: the first time, that is, that Christine had palmed off romantic fictions as genuine statements, as she had not yet been found out.) This was to come later.

As it is she has done me an irreparable wrong. I mean that her father, who at the start had been tepid concerning our marriage, for a reason that I have never heard mentioned in my presence, had at once taken it into his head that I ought to be publicly lashed and could barely, I understand, be dissuaded from hotly carrying out his macabre intention. You perceive that it was not so much the indignity that he thought his daughter had been forced to undergo at my (brute) hands, for when all this was afterward cleared, something yet remained. And my own suspicion is: it always has been there: some essential stain having freed itself from his pure, too disciplined nature, had broken forth instead in the shadowy character of an only child. An odd, close, deep and deeply troubled union theirs was. It was unwise of me, perhaps, not to have heeded tales that may have been designed to circumvent my linking myself with an ambiguous creature like Christine. But in spite of these later cruel actions, she had loved me once, I think. And I was in love. Oh, great God, I am still. Still, is it Christine I now hold bound to me or her quite distant but gentle and baffling incarnation? Was it but a week since that we were out walking and I, thinking to amuse her, had our picture snapped together? The photographer was a familiar old man who set up his shuttered old camera of sunny Sundays opposite the rotting park. He took the pictures of children and the favorite dogs of ageing creatures who walked their pets there each evening and morning. The surface had begun to cloud only a few hours after the man had developed the cheap print behind a shady black cloth like a nun's cape, that he had drawn ritually over his head. I carry this picture around with me in my wallet still. My own pinched features stare imperviously back at me but Christine's have already commenced to sink out of sight. The dark void had come forward to swamp her and

soon there would be nothing left, nothing, I thought, save the outline of an apparition that had once had substance. Had this been in the superstitious sense a portent, a warning sign?

In thus calling to mind her weakness along with the strength of my own love for her I sensed all at once a tenderness I could scarcely bear without pain. I was almost used to pain. Had it not been witness to the proceedings that had joined us, as now it made a third, a sly and trying companion to our journey? Sometimes pain is love: love starved or stunted and still thwartedly living. Again, it not merely often supersedes love, but frequently limits the great area where passion is momentarily expected and emotion awaits its deep fulfillment vainly. Too often, too, pain is all the yield that separated man may hope for. Still, what little comfort there is that love, like hope, never dies.

We had been climbing steeply although I had been too occupied with my thoughts until now to notice. Clouds, like creamy glades, roved and rolled beyond our oval windows, obscuring our window with their bright impalpable stuff before caroming smoothly off again, so that in gazing out of the window one grew fuddled by the restless march of shapes and burnished colors until one longed for, instead, the heaped green of serene nature that we had seen outside our window, side by side, sometimes, with the sudden towns and along with objects that vagrantly exposed themselves but an instant before subsiding.

Abruptly, I discovered that my watch had stopped. As Christine wore none and I wanted the hour I must again resort to the woman in the seat across from us. At first I tried stealthily to see the hands of her dial but these pointed in an obverse direction, anyway were partly covered over by twin coils of flesh. Outside, daylight was diminished but glowing. My shoulders ached from their long confinement. There was a cheerless air about everything; everything had the same arid stale unlit cast over it. But we had been and were still closed away from the rest of the car as effectually as though by a visible partition that screened us off, or shut the others out, including the conductor, whom I had not glimpsed yet. The woman yawned without muffling it.

"You'll be there around six," she announced, suddenly.

"Well, that will be fine," I lied.

She must have, however, been observing my anxiety out of her concupiscent pupils. "I can jus' see that you're all impatient for it," she fawned. I could hardly, I thought, wait. And every time the train began to slacken, my nerves jammed fitfully. But soon we would pick up speed again, as again we sailed ahead, pitching, into the dimming light. I could no longer make out the fat woman's face. Her presence just the same was palpable, a soft lubricious coating upon the piecemeal dullness. "It's only a few minutes before six," she informed me. "Is it?" I said. "It is?"

"Men—" she managed to, as usual, give it a just uninnocent emphasis, "men is all of 'um alike. Bless 'um. It's good for the woman's side to have something like 'um around—my own'd been twice't as bad. *Twice't as bad*," she iterated, beginning to quake once more all through her soft foundations. "I'm still here to tell you. And with us havin' to be girls and shyful and frightened, sort of—fear'n an' tremblin'—fear an' tremblin', that's what they look for from us. And we human, jus' the same's them. I must say I did hand my own a surprise he remembered." She laughed and gasped and then bubbled, more quietly. "Mine, mind you, was a man." I shrank from her use of the word. As she sounded it, *man* was something essential, predacious and racily exhilarating, symbolically fused in her fancy with the trappings of a unicorn and the functions of a stud. She could scarcely utter it in a way that did not betray her tainted view.

She lovingly stroked her thigh. I turned my eyes away just as the conductor came forward. The woman's voice sounded almost sad and dreamy. "You'll have the night—all night." I looked up in surprise. The official was at my elbow to advise us that the train was about to stop. I could not even thank him, with my lips cold and drawn as they were. Christine was white and appeared tired as, with a hand upon my arm, we walked stiffly up the aisle behind the conductor. I did not look again toward the seat that we had vacated as its occupant now called playfully after Christine: "Hon, you're white as the dead. I wouldn't be the one

to say it's as bad as all that." Christine only turned upon her a flashing smile. The woman's accompanying laughter set my teeth on edge. I reached the door a little in front of Christine in spite of my obstinate leg.

Outside on the platform it had begun to be dark now and, at this altitude, chill. I put an arm around Christine. She held herself stolidly. At first I saw nothing. There was not a sign or thing visible, no life, no houses, not even a village, only a glum structure of planks without markings. Then there emerged from in back of it, like a long gray glistening coffin, silently and enigmatically propelled, an automobile whose dun coloring joined so neutrally with the dusk that its presence there could have been overlooked but for the lights that came on abruptly and flooded the area between us.

Its driver had on a chauffeur's cap which came down over a young pale thin face. I had not looked for a girl, at that hour, in this place. "Train'd been late a little," she said, laconically. Without a word I handed Christine into the deep interior and followed, my heart sinking. She was very quiet. At once the car started forward and at the same instant the train, toy-like, inched away in the other direction. For a full moment we rode alongside, with lights from the multiple windows checkering our faces. Christine, I perceived, had already forgotten her companion of the ride as she had, enviably, forgotten much that I would be forced ever after to remember. For, though from no choice of her own, or so I have been assured, she had become a woman ideally without a history. I say *ideally* because I am thinking now about Eve in Eden, born uncomplicated by the sting of pride and outrage, a playful naked womanly girl freed of memory and without heredity and almost, one might have expected, outside sin and pity. Pity and sin and the memory of outrage and the heritage of pride, all had been implanted in us, Eve's perishable sons and Adam's tainted daughters, together with fear and folly, the fear of folly. I looked closely at Christine. Yes, surely she had forgotten. It was better to be happier so. She was sitting forward alertly, with her sunny eyes upon the girl chauffeur. As the

last lit car sped past us ringing our ears with its torrent of sound, I thought I glimpsed for the last time the spheroid face of earthy Eros at one of the windows. I had no feeling about it now, still it was a relief to have seen, from this vantage, the end of her. And we two, had not we, too, reached at last some sort of end?

I tapped the glass panel separating us from our driver. "How far?" I inquired. "How many miles?"

"Not far," answered the girl, placidly.

"Then how long will it take to get there?" I urged. She shrugged without turning. "Not long." Once more I tapped. "Well, how soon is there another train from this place?"

"Not another train until the mornin'," she replied, her voice curiously roughened.

Christine responded to my bleak glance with a smile full of understanding. No matter, I thought. I was thinking I would stay the night, I would take a room up there and ride down in the morning, this time alone. Already I was learning loneliness through anticipation. For all I knew, it would be painless, as I had been assured. It was possible that my wife had by this time forgotten that I was her husband; perhaps she had gone so far as not to care. I looked out of the window of the rocking car. The powerful lamps were on and I could see the road ahead of us and on either side as though it were bright dawn, with trickles of darkness between. Christine opened her eyes wide in an ecstasy of pleasure as I slid along the seat to be near her. She let her cool hand lie docilely in my own as I drew her attention around to the objects that were thrown up to our vision. In a few minutes, I knew, if she did not, we would be at the asylum where I had instructions to leave my wife in the charge of attendants more dedicated than myself. And by morning, I was thinking, I should be of the company of things that had been named to her but idly forgotten. For Christine, as for myself apart from her, there was nothing, no existence, no, not a thing save ghostly absence.

New England Autumn

by Lewis Spence



Spilled too soon from summer—caesarian birth—
In a wave of color along the hills more vivid
Than stunned eyes, New England autumn turns backward
Toward July to urge from driven earth
One more concession of fruit and warm days.
But reluctant with frore nights and morning frost
The time of year hesitates on snow—those first
Gray hours of lonely flakes sifting through the fields.

Then between season and sun wilful days
Trade alternate beds, and earth, quilted
With patchwork trees of red and gold,
Hides tell-tale heaps of brown dead leaves along
Old walls and in the corners of the yard.
Smoke-blue and far, sky is winter and tranquil
Air, breathing nostalgia in the reek of brush-fires,
Is hushed with nipped cold and cob webbed ice.

October is our memory—a length of drab days
Subdued for one red barn, one burning bush.
So always does the bird sing and the cricket,
Always the hill one rise of sunstruck color.
And we are in the garden at the moment's center;
Nor loes the leaf fall nor the voice answer.
It is the yellow month and the year's decay,
With memory a dried flower under a glass bell.

But in November—and the names of the months betray
Their weather—you remember your beads and to pray
At night, hearing the rattle of leaves at the window.
For dark by five, day light like a Siamese cat,
Leans on the hills turning black eyes
From a gray face on the valleys below.
Then are lights brighter for the dark and we
More close for the distance in the night.

I. The Italian Literary Scene of Today

by *Mario Praz*



THE other day, at a party in Rome, a Polish journalist asked Ignazio Silone to advise him about a selection of representative modern Italian writers. What he wanted was not style nor refinement nor cleverness, but a literature of ideas likely to appeal to the masses, such as the journalist imagined Silone himself to cultivate. Silone could find no immediate reply, and when I left them the journalist was becoming more and more explicit. It was evident that his ideas on the subject were not much different from the official Soviet outlook, and Silone became more and more embarrassed. I take "literature for the masses" to mean literature boiled down to the level of the less cultured readers, and deprived of those individual elements which form the very essence of a work of art. If there was ever a literature designed for the crowd, for the "uncapable multitude," in Webster's phrase, it was the Elizabethan drama, the chief expression of which was Shakespeare's plays. Shakespeare—the Shake-scene of Greene's famous passage—was no doubt a popular dramatist; now what would have become of his far-from-easy plays if a totalitarian censor had been allowed to have his way with them? One shudders to think.

I am afraid there are not many among the Italian writers of today who could satisfy the test laid down by the Polish journalist. Silone's world-famous novel *Fontamara*, with its decided political bias, is an exception up to a point; one might add Elio Vittorini's *Uomini e no*, a curious instance of the application of

NOTE: This is the first of a series of articles on the contemporary literature and culture of various European countries.

recent American narrative gadgets to episodes of Italian partisan warfare (an American influence—Faulkner—is obvious in another contemporary novel, *Paesi tuoi*, 1941, by Cesare Pavese); one might also add Moravia's pamphlet, *La speranza*, where communism is represented as taking the place of Christian faith in the soul of the masses which cannot live without "hope" of a kind; but this is nearly all. The bulk of contemporary Italian literature is untouched by ideologies as, for that matter, it was during the twenty years of the Fascist regime. It is indeed strange that neither during that long period nor immediately afterwards was there in Italy a single satirical writer of note. After Domitian's iron rule, Rome had Juvenal; England, after Cromwell's dictatorship, knew that English *Don Quixote*, Samuel Butler's *Hudibras*; but Mussolini's tyranny has not been able to rouse indignation to any noticeable outburst in either prose or verse.

When some time ago I discussed this point in an article, one of our best draughtsmen, Luigi Bartolini, who is also a poet, sent me a booklet of verse which he claimed represented Italian satire during the Fascist regime; but none of such indirect allusions as I could find in his *Poesie* had the genuine ring of satire: a witty epigram ("Altro che poesia! Qualcuno fa la spia . . .") was about all. And witty epigrams, rather than satirical verse proper, are the apologetics of the Roman dialect poet Trilussa (some of whose poems appeared a while ago in a good American translation by Professor Grant Showerman). The fact is the more conspicuous as Italian literature, from Dante down to Parini, Belli and Carducci, has not been deficient in satirical poets. If there was ever an occasion for satire, one would think the Fascist regime offered it. Our poets, maybe, have learnt too well the lesson of Croce's *Aesthetics*, that art, in order to survive, must be pure of any alloy of practical passion and interest; for, abstaining from satire, they have abstained also from eulogy and adulation. One wonders whether the political situation indirectly favored the fashion for "hermetic" verse, such as Salvatore Quasimodo's, Leonardo Sinigalli's and that of a score of other young poets. Even the most outstanding of our present-day poets, Eugenio Montale, is not

devoid of hermetic tendencies, which leave the reader in suspense about his meaning and allusions. The "hermetic" manner, like the *trobar clus* of the ancient Provençal poets, may supply an ideal shelter for a nonconformist; but it is probable these Italian writers used it less as a means of escape than as a fascinating toy.

So, on the whole, the change of regime has not considerably altered the literary scene. Montale's *Ossi di seppia* (1925) and *Occasioni* (1939) still remain the chief expressions of Italian lyric verse, occupying a position not unlike that of T. S. Eliot's poems in English literature, both in style and in outlook (in the most recent of Montale's poems one can trace a direct influence of Eliot's theory of the "objective correlative"). Ungaretti's poetry, though outwardly linked with the Fascist regime (Mussolini himself wrote the introduction to *Il porto sepolto* in 1923, and made Ungaretti an Academician) has weathered the storm, thanks to its non-political character. Umberto Saba's poetry, which has been recently awarded a prize, was as much appreciated during Fascism (notwithstanding Saba's being half Jewish) as it is now. In fact the Fascist regime was content with lip service and even tolerated points of view which, strictly speaking, were antithetic to its creed. Ungaretti's chief book of verse, when it first appeared in 1919, had a title (*Allegria di naufragi*) which was in keeping with the *crepuscolare* atmosphere then predominant; when it was reissued in 1926, the depressing word *naufragi* (shipwrecks) was dropped and only *allegria* (mirth) was left, but the contents had not changed. The Fascist regime had no such uncompromising attitude to writers as the Soviets: it did not exact a definite point of view from them or expect them to sing its praise, but it prosecuted relentlessly whatever was likely to cause gossip. Thus, for instance, Moravia's *La mascherata*, whose hero, the dictator of an imaginary South American state, and his intended mistress seem transparent allusions to Mussolini's own private affairs, was at first allowed to be published (in 1941), and was suppressed only after the outcry raised by some zealots. The policy of the Fascist regime was to attach writers to itself through such subtle forms of corruption as literary prizes and election to the Academy.

The downfall of Fascism has not brought any discredit to most of the writers who had enjoyed the favors of the regime. Marinetti is dead and Papini continues to write (just recently the imaginary *Lettere agli uomini di papa Celestino VI*); but they were dead to literature even before they were made Academicians, Marinetti's best book still remaining his early collection of lyrical poems in French, *Destruction*, published in Paris in 1904, and Papini's most representative work his *Un uomo finito*, of 1912. The Academicians Emilio Cecchi and Antonio Baldini, who are among the finest essayists, are still popular with readers, the former, thanks to his broader range of interests, more than the latter, whose humorous strain and harping on certain favorite themes—such as female beauty, our classics, etc.—appear curiously detached from the pursuits of today. Riccardo Bacchelli, who was also an Academician, still commands respect through his masterful narrative style. He belongs to that noble tradition of Italian historical fiction among whose masterpieces are Manzoni's *Promessi sposi* (considered in Italy one of the greatest novels ever written, although very few foreigners succeed in enjoying it), and Nievo's and Rovani's novels. Bacchelli's style is as captivating as the tune of an old Stradivarius; if Foscolo had been a novelist, one feels he would have written in this style. Were it not that the reader is too frequently aware of Bacchelli's complacency in his own smooth sentences and judicious sayings, one would rank *Il mulino del Po* (1938) among the greatest books written in Italy during this century. It is curious, however, that the Italian public has perhaps bought more copies of the translation of a much less remarkable foreign historical novel—*Anthony Adverse*—than of *Il mulino del Po*; what is foreign has a glamour for Italians which no local products can hope to possess.

Why then does foreign fiction in Italy come near to being best-sellers, whereas national novelists seldom have more than a *succès d'estime* among their colleagues? Why should Gianna Manzini's and Bonaventura Tecchi's books sell much less than translations of Virginia Woolf or Katherine Mansfield (to both of whom Manzini has been compared), or of any novel by Hungarian or

Norwegian authors? It cannot be merely a question of vogue and snobbishness; there must be a deeper cause. This is to be found, I think, in the peculiar character of Italian fiction, which makes it less apt to meet the requirements of the reading public than foreign fiction of the same or even lower artistic levels.

The bulk of Italian fiction is still inspired by the grey, repressed life in provincial towns or villages; authors describe their surroundings in early years, and generally contrive to conjure up a forceful though depressing atmosphere. Such is the case of Corrado Alvaro's and Romano Bilenchi's stories. Alvaro, in his last book, *L'età breve* (1946), claims to throw light on such intimate details of the story of a youth as "very few people would dare to admit in their own lives"—such details in a boy's sexual life, in fact, as were revealed by Joyce in *The Portrait of the Artist as a Young Man*. Alvaro's book has a *succès d'estime*; Joyce's (in translation) is a classic. Perhaps it is just a matter of *tempo*; Joyce's *tempo* is that of a man of today; Alvaro's, maybe, is still that of a man of the Biedermeier epoch. Vitaliano Brancati's *Don Giovanni in Sicilia* is an amusing presentation of the Sicilian point of view about sex, but we are not surprised when we find Brancati asserting: "I do not love my epoch" (almost in the words of Lamb: "I cannot make these present times present to me"). "In order to pay a passionate attention to the events, no matter how big and noisy, of our times, I must pretend that they are told me by a man of the nineteenth century: only in this way they do not annoy or disgust me." What Brancati says of himself, many Italian story-tellers of today might repeat; they still live, spiritually, in that Biedermeier period which some literary historians make last from the twenties of the last century until 1848, others until 1870, while others protract its close even to a later date. In order to understand the temper of Italian literature, the foreign reader ought to become acquainted with Croce's essays on the *Letteratura della nuova Italia* and Pietro Pancrazi's collections of critical essays, *Scrittori italiani del Novecento* and *Scrittori d'oggi*. They would find there much that fits the definition of Biedermeier: realism, bourgeois or peasant life in the provinces, avoidance of

sharp contrasts, Christian resignation, *genre*-painting, conversation pieces.

Italy had a great realist writer, Giovanni Verga, who has become known to Anglo-Saxon readers through D. H. Lawrence's translations. Verga's masterpiece, *I Malavoglia* (1881), is a novel about a family of Sicilian fishermen, in surroundings not dissimilar to those of many other Southern stories of today. But Verga's novels are no more local and Biedermeier than, say, Hardy's; both novelists sense the powerful springs which operate behind the scene and their vision is that of a poet. Bacchelli never wrote a better appreciation of the essential quality of a novel than when he said: "Of course a poor modern novelist does not dare to invoke the Muse; however, I feel sure enough to assert that a novel, no less than a poem, cannot live in the imagination without a poetical idea." How many of the Italian novelists of today could say that the subject of their tales came to them in a sudden illumination, like a poem? Brancati's *Don Giovanni in Sicilia* may bear some resemblance to Goncharov's *Oblomov*, but there is a quality in the Russian's novel which makes the reader aware, in every page, that the novel, no matter how long, dawned on the author's mind at first like a tune, like lightning; Brancati's novel, on the other hand, is only a comedy of humours, a successful *genre*-picture. The presence of that poetical quality causes Aldo Palazzeschi's novel (*Le sorelle Materazzi*, 1934) and some of his short stories (like *Il dono* in the volume *Il palio dei buffi*, 1937) to have a universal appeal, although they deal with provincial (Tuscan) subjects. The same can be said of Bruno Cigognani's best book, *La Velia* (1923), another famous novel of Tuscan *milieux*; whereas the historical perspective is not sufficient to give to a book like *Signora Ava* of Francesco Jovine (or to another less remarkable novel on the same subject, the fight of Bourbon-loyalists against Garibaldi's troops, Aianello's *L'alfiere*) a rank above that of a delightful *quadretto di genere*. I do not propose to revert to old-fashioned standards of criticism which classified epic and lyric poetry above the remaining literary productions, but I would like to put forward a plea for the invocation

of the Muse, such as Bacchelli suggests in the words referred to above.

There is no defect of accurate description, of attractive style, in most Italian story-tellers of today; but this is not enough to raise their books above the level of minor literature, just because of that missing element, that spark of divine fire, which makes of Wessex or the Yorkshire moors or a Sicilian fishing village the stage for a universal drama. But after all an honest, straightforward Biedermeier picture of Southern folk, such as you find even in Lina Pietravalle's early stories (1928), is better than the false, rhetorical representation of rustic passions in D'Annunzio's *Figlia di Jorio*. And at least one writer, in dealing with the same material, has discovered the deep tragedy, the pathos underlying it all: Carlo Levi's *Cristo si è fermato a Eboli* (1945), which has deserved a literary prize, is a poignant description of the same Southern primitive world which forms the background of Alvaro's and Jovine's stories, or of Silone's political novel, but it has just that much more of poetic insight to make the book memorable forever.

Most Italian novels of the prevailing "provincial" type seem to illustrate Zeno's famous paradox of the motionless arrow. For all their episodes, there seems to be no action; time lies deadly quiet in the stagnating atmosphere; picture hangs next to picture as in a gallery, and there is no sense of progression from the one to the other. Now one, now another aspect of life is reflected as in a mirror, but there is no life-force permeating the whole. This is, after all, the impression conveyed to an outsider by the South (many of those novelists come from the South). Carlo Levi found it so; Eboli is a region "away from history and time." No doubt this timelessness is largely responsible for the unmodernity of much provincial fiction, and for its lack of international public.

But there are Italian novelists of today who are as modern as any English or French colleague, who belong to Europe as well as to Italy, and not only to one of its timeless provinces. Their European character does not necessarily imply that they are better artists than their provincial brothers. Bontempelli (who in the

late twenties became the champion of "Stracittà" against "Strapaese," of internationalism against provincial outlook), Malaparte, Landolfi and a few others speak a language which all Europeans can understand, and which they can easily retranslate into terms of Paul Morand or Kafka or whoever influenced them; though one might find that one could dispense with reading, for instance, Landolfi's recent *Due zittelle* when one has read Gogol and Kafka, and that the composite style of so clever a writer as Carlo Emilio Gadda has little that is new to say to people familiar with Rabelais and Joyce. The international character of Moravia, Piovene, Savinio, has a much more original accent.

Savinio (born in Athens in 1891), a brother of De Chirico and a surrealist painter and ballet-composer himself, is, together with Bontempelli, a lover of paradoxes and of "magical" tricks of the imagination. Bontempelli does not hesitate to introduce supernatural characters or irrational incidents into his stories, while Savinio writes an introduction to Maupassant in support of the bold assertion that Maupassant really became an artist when he lost his reason. Bontempelli's witchcraft may have palled today; there is no longer any surprise to a story when you expect one. But Savinio's essays, impressions, biographies, divagations have the perpetual charm of the *jeu de l'intelligence*. Partly of Greek origin, and an illustrator of Lucian's dialogues, he has produced no work which is not seasoned with Attic salt. *Narrate uomini la vostra storia* (1942), *Casa "la Vita"* (1943), *Ascolto il tuo cuore cità* (1943) place Savinio in the first rank of contemporary essayists.

Guido Piovene (born in 1907) has been called the most intelligent of our story-tellers. Although his *Lettere di una novizia*, an epistolary novel which brought him to the limelight in 1941, has the Venetian province for its background, the province is the last thing one recalls. His analysis of complex or even tortuous and perverse minds, which may owe something to French authors, e.g., to Choderlos de Laclos, is conducted with the consummate skill of a master, though occasionally it overreaches itself, as in

his last novel, *Pietà contro pietà* (1946), based on an existentialist point of view, i.e., that it is only while suffering that man realizes his true self. This novel, whose scene is Milan wrecked by the bombardments, aims deliberately at an effect of oppression, confusion, anguish; it could be objected that the characters of the three men who appear in it are hardly distinguishable from each other, are in fact like three photographs of the same person from slightly different angles; it could be objected, too, that the dialogues—with a curious D'Annunzian flavor here and there—very seldom convey an impression of reality. But for all its irritating faults, Piovene's latest novel bears witness to a power of penetration, a wealth of possibilities, for which he has no equal in Italy today. His *Pietà contro pietà* occupies somehow a position similar to that of Borgese's *Rubè* (1921) at the end of the first World War, though comparison with *Rubè* would be all to the advantage of the younger writer.

For pure narrative talent, Alberto Moravia knows no rival in a country which is particularly rich in story-tellers (to those already mentioned, we must add the names of Enrico Pea, Giovanni Comisso, Vasco Pratolini). If the word genius is used in reference to Italian literature of today, it is to him it applies. Only real genius can cause the reader to overlook some of Moravia's obvious flaws, his occasional bad taste, overdoses of crudeness, untidy style or bungling of details. His *Mascherata* is padded with commonplaces and worn-out paraphernalia; deliberately so, it could be maintained, to conjure up the atmosphere of tinsel splendor and sordid intrigue of the dictator's adventure. But the reader scarcely pauses over those details. The rhythm of the narrative sweeps everything along, in masterful progression. *La romana*, Moravia's forthcoming novel, the story of a modern Italian counterpart of Moll Flanders, will easily stand comparison with Defoe. Ever since he wrote his first and best-known novel, *Gli indifferenti* (1929), Moravia's favorite field has been the analysis, lucid to the point of crudity, of complicated, abnormal relationships. His *Agostino* (1943) is a powerful study of the critical period in the development of an adolescent, when sex

hovers uncertain between the normal and the abnormal, and homosexuality or incest are possible ways open to the youth's libido. Bilenchi, in *Anna e Bruno* (1938), had also dealt with the same subject, the love of a boy for his mother, but with none of Moravia's daring and merciless lucidity, which has led most critics to pronounce him a "moralist"; (in *I sogni del pigro*, 1941, he actually attempted to draw characters in the manner of Theophrastus and La Bruyère, and in *L'epidemia*, 1944, there are pages strongly reminiscent of Swift).

Narrative art is no less essential to a historian than to a novelist. There are several ways of relating events, that of Carlyle in his *French Revolution*, of John Reed in his excellent chronicle of the Russian revolution, or the way of Croce, which aims not so much at making the past alive to the reader as at showing how it fits a universal design, how it is explained in the light of reason. History ought to employ both these aspects, but it seldom does; the historian who is an artist will give you the one, the philosopher will concentrate on the other, and the synthesis is left to the reader. Italy has been of late so convulsed by historical events that one would expect a great historian to rise and summon those events before the tribunal of his mind. So far we have had only partial accounts, not devoid, however, of ability and occasionally of art. Malaparte's *Kaput*, which is well-known also abroad, is the work of a writer of memoirs rather than of a historian, nearer to art than to science, fascinating and not uniformly reliable; the picture it gives of the Fascist *milieux* in the final phase is unforgettable; the atmosphere is right, though some of the details may be arbitrary. Agostino degli Espinosa, on the other hand, in his *Regno del sud*, a chronicle of the difficult period of the Italian government in the South, under Allied control, does not turn his eyes one moment away from the documents, so that his narrative proceeds haltingly, in closely packed pages. He can hardly be said to possess a modicum of art, but his dispassionate, minute account of facts, his penetrating judgment of men and phenomena, will be precious to future historians. Paolo Monelli, in *Roma 1943*, comes closer to the time-

hallowed figure of the historian who collects and classifies facts, but is not content with mere chronicle and does not yield to the lure of a brilliant, though deceptive, artistic effect. A forthcoming book of memoirs, *Pensieri di un libertino* (where the word *libertino* has the early connotation of free-thinker) by Arrigo Cajumi, a well-known critic and historian who withdrew from the literary field during the Fascist regime, owing to his staunch opposition, is likely to cause quite a stir in literary and political circles. Its publisher is Leo Longanesi, a cartoonist and pamphleteer who, during the Fascist regime, under cover of the review *L'Italiano, periodico della rivoluzione fascista*, occasionally had the laugh on the Fascists too.

Italy has not suffered much from paper-shortages so far; and the regained freedom has seen a blossoming of literary reviews, many of them short-lived, and all purporting to be the mouth-piece of this or that tendency or group. *Mercurio*, edited by Alba de Cespedes and published in Rome; *Il mondo* and *Il ponte*, published in Florence; *L'Europeo*, *Oggi* and *Politecnico*, published in Milan, and other periodicals represent various degrees of literary contribution from long essays to brilliant *reportage*. There seems to be more permanent value to *Poesia*, edited by Enrico Falqui, who cultivates literary criticism with the devotion of a Carthusian, and to *Prosa*, edited by Gianna Manzini; each issue of these reviews is in itself an attractive anthology of outstanding poetry and prose, both national and foreign (in excellent translations).

BOOK REVIEWS

LA CASA DE BERNARDA ALBA: FEDERICO GARCIA LORCA. Editorial Losada, Buenos Aires, 1945.

This is probably the last play that Lorca completed. It was saved from Spain, in manuscript, after his death at the hands of Franco's troops, and published only last year in Buenos Aires. The note on the dustcover says it is to be thought of as completing a "tryptych of tragedies," including *Blood Wedding*, a "nuptial tragedy," and *Yerma*, a "tragedy of thwarted motherhood." In this series *The House of Bernarda Alba* would be a "tragedy of virginity."

This gives, I think, only a very rough indication of the nature of *Bernarda Alba* and its place among Lorca's works. Lorca calls it "A Drama of Women in the Towns of Spain." It has an entirely female cast: Bernarda, a widow of sixty; her five unmarried daughters; her senile mother; her aging maids, and her female neighbors. Bernarda rules her "most white" domain (white with the blankness of plaster) with more than Puritan rigor; and having buried her husband just before the curtain rises, she keeps the male at a distance—in the yard or the street. But though the male is not visible on the set, he is bitterly, desperately present to the imagination of the women; felt with that bloody, piercing lust which Lorca understood so well. One of Bernarda's daughters (Angustias) is engaged to be married, but the young man wants only her money, and is really in love with her sister Adela. Adela's attempted elopement on the eve of the marriage brings the close, sombre catastrophe which ends the play.

If one were going to pick a play of Lorca's to be the "tragedy of virginity," *Doña Rosita*, with its heroic but withering girlishness, its lacy setting of Spanish Victorianism, would, to my taste, be a better choice. There is nothing virginal about *Bernarda Alba* except the technical plight of the five daughters. It could better be described as the tragedy of female hatred of the male—a hatred which owes its intensity to a godless unchastity of the imagination and the feelings. Lorca is the master of thwarted eroticism in many forms, and this play has its share of the old maid's crazy nihilism. But the movement of the piece as a whole is based upon the relentless appetites of the five daughters, underneath the equally relentless rigidity of their mother Bernarda.

"The poet gives notice," Lorca writes, at the head of the script, "that these three acts are intended as a photographic document." The style of *Bernarda Alba* is, in fact, more strictly naturalistic than that of any of his other plays. There are no dancing moons or beggar-deaths; no verse-interludes with song, dance and spectacle—unless the mourning women in Act I be so considered; but this can be justified naturalistically as part of the funeral. The photographic surface is, however, as deceptive as Chekhov's. The rhythms of the dialogue, its pauses, and its punctuation by offstage sounds of bells or voices, are controlled poetically and musically, and convey more of the substance of the piece than the facts of the story themselves do. And in the same way, the setting, the interiors of Bernarda's house at various times of day and night, while literally true to the

country and the climate and the architecture, are carefully contrived to convey, in plastic terms, in light and dark and color, the underlying blank whiteness of the theme. In short, Lorca, even when he chooses to employ a naturalistic style, uses the *whole* theatrical medium. He has as much sheer theatrical talent as Cocteau, but (perhaps because he is so close to a still-living folk tradition) he seems to use it more freely and naturally.

Because of its naturalistic style, *Bernarda Alba* offers fewer difficulties to the potential American producer than his other plays do. His verse is very hard to translate, even for private reading; and with our impoverished sense of theatre, our timid and limited performers, it is hard for us to come off with spectacular and musical effects like those demanded in the last act of *Blood Wedding*. *Bernarda Alba* makes no such demands; yet the essential difficulty remains: what I may call the *ancient Spanish* quality of all he writes. I do not think it would be possible to understand and accept a woman like Bernarda without some direct acquaintance with Spanish types, or to get the slow, cruel, undeluded quality of the story on Broadway, for instance. In that shallow clatter the tones and rhythms of an ancient peasant-rooted culture would be quite imperceptible.

FRANCIS FERGUSSON

A MAN IN THE DIVIDED SEA: THOMAS MERTON. New Directions, \$2.50.
LORD WEARY'S CASTLE: ROBERT LOWELL. Harcourt, Brace, \$2.50.

"After the Surprising Conversions" is the title of one of Robert Lowell's poems, in which we read of a character "who dreamed / That he was called to trumpet Judgment Day / To Concord." Stretched a little, the characterization will suit Lowell's own poetic purposes and also, stretched a little more, Thomas Merton's—at least in those of his poems which were "written in the world" during the first three of the last "seven years since the author's conversion to the Catholic faith." Only those few readers who have not yet spotted Judgment Day on their own calendars will be likely to question the relevance of such purposes. In these times, which a recent poem of Karl Shapiro's ("The Convert") has even more explicitly described as "the time of significant conversions," most of us will take them for granted.

It would be misleading, however, to pursue the analogy between Merton and Lowell too far beyond the starting point of the conversion itself. In reading their poems, one is chiefly impressed by their differences, which in some degree resemble those noted between two other Catholic poets, Hopkins and Baudelaire, by Lowell himself in a recent article. Lowell's distinction between "the awkward liaison of the one with Whitman and of the other with Poe" would seem, in the main, to apply here, placing Merton on Whitman's side, Lowell on Poe's. One might also apply such further distinctions as Lowell observes "between the convert and the apostate, country and town, affirmation and negation, nature and people, metaphysical and classical, England and Paris, priest and Bohemian, asceticism and dissipation." One finds terms like "country," "affirmation," "nature," and "metaphysical" applying to Merton and their opposites—"town," "negation," "people," and "classical"—to Lowell. But then one must reverse the procedure, for in his poetry, if not in his biography, the "priest" (or in this case, the monk, for Merton is a member of the Trappist order) exhibits much more than the "Bohemian" (if one may so inaccurately describe

Lowell for the sake of the contrast), the Bohemian's "dissipation"; and the Bohemian, much more than the priest, the latter's "asceticism."

It is difficult, in reading Merton's poems, not to be reminded of T. S. Eliot's distinction between "precise emotion and vague emotion," the former being described as "the emotional equivalent of thought," to express which the poet "requires as great intellectual power as to express precise thought." In Merton's earlier poems, "written in the world," one is often impressed by the forcefulness of the individual images:

"The thin, salt voice of violence,
That whines, like a mosquito, in their simmering blood."

but seldom by their employment to achieve a coherent order in the poem as a whole. The prevailing surrealist devices only too often produce confusion:

"But when the steel trees sing like harpstrings in the winter windstorm,
Their minds roll up like blueprints,"

(The dominating influence, one guesses, is that of Lorca—and Lorca not in Spanish but in English translation: Lorca the imagist and not Lorca the music-maker.) But as "the world" fades away from Merton's later poems, written in his monastery, even the sharpness of visual perception diminishes to a vagueness ("Open the secret eye of faith / And drink these deeps of invisible light") which arouses only vague emotion. Those poems in which Merton bends his luxuriant imagination to the discipline of stricter forms than his usual "free verse" are all too rare. In the greater number he seems so much more concerned to express his own emotions than to arouse the reader's that he fails to win, at least from an unbeliever, even temporary belief. If we may define sentimentality as vague, in distinction from precise, emotion, then it seems just to describe such poems as sentimental. Merton's retirement from the world, whatever it may have accomplished for him as a person, seems not to have benefited him as a poet.

Robert Lowell's poems, on the other hand, bear every evidence of having been written in the world, and so well written that even the most determined unbeliever, if he is at all a serious reader of poetry, must surely be at least half compelled toward that "willing suspension of disbelief" which all good poetry compels. One feels here constantly the strength that is gained from the struggle with the world, a struggle for the mastery of it in all its raw shapelessness. One feels that in that struggle Lowell has learned to employ the formal disciplines perfected by a long succession of religious poets from Milton to Hopkins. He does not always win, but even when he loses one is impressed by the vigor of his effort; and his willingness to risk failure promises a more important success than one ordinarily can foresee in a poet's early trials. Consistently he demonstrates a disciplined strength of language that demands admiration, as in lines like these from one of the best of his poems: "The Quaker Graveyard in Nantucket":

"To Cape Cod
Guns, cradled on the tide,
Blast the eelgrass about a waterclock
Of bilge and backwash, roil the salt and sand
Lashing earth's scaffold, rock
Our warships in the hand
Of the great God."

The problem of belief, of course, still comes up, and comes up most assertively in poems like "At the Indian Killer's Grave" which deal with the uncompromising Puritanism of those wilderness tamers who are Lowell's own ancestors. The question is stated: "Who was . . . / That fabulous or fancied patriarch / Who sowed so ill for his descent . . . ?" But its answer seems more like one imposed by main force than one achieved through struggle: "Gospel me to the Garden, let me come / Where Mary twists the warlock with her flowers—." As Lowell elsewhere observes: "Mother, for these three hundred years or more / Neither our clippers nor our slavers reached / The haven of your peace in this Bay State"; and one is not easily convinced that what has not been accomplished in three hundred years can be accomplished yet at this late date. Although it may be presumptuous to risk predictions, an unbelieving reader is apt—with Merton's example fresh in mind to emphasize the dangers of personal, at the expense of poetic, salvation—to feel some uneasiness about Lowell's future. If one believes, with T. Weiss, that Gerard Manley Hopkins "racked himself on the realization of the distance between his beliefs and the world as he experienced it," one can only hope that Lowell will not be, as Weiss thinks Hopkins was, "ripped between . . . past and future" to the detriment of his art. If, in trumpeting "Judgment Day to Concord," he can keep his eyes fixed steadily enough on Concord, perhaps he may not be.

WALTER McELROY

IN PARENTHESIS: DAVID JONES. Faber & Faber, London.

I want to write a short note on this remarkable book, as it is probably very little known in America. It has to do, as the author says in the introduction, "with some things I saw, felt & was part of" between the winter of 1915 and July 1916, but it must have been written reflectively long after that, for it was first published in 1937.

A Welshman, familiar with the imaginative storehouse of Welsh myth and poetry, Jones' experience of the daily round of warfare was always blended with and sharpened by his "consciousness of the past, the very remote, and the more immediate and trivial past" Though the work is placed lightly against the framework of an early Welsh epic, the *Y Gododdin*, which commemorates a 6th-century raid of three hundred Welshmen into an English kingdom, from which only three escaped, all through one has a sense of the present, in which no actualities are blurred, but which is interwoven and enriched with the sensitive man's knowledge of the language and experience of the past.

This has enabled the author to write an epic of modern war, or rather of war, in a prose which has the inner coherence and weight of verse. It is at times difficult, especially for the American reader who is unfamiliar with many words and allusions, but one works one's way into it, and the voluminous notes in the back knit it together. Any passage taken at random will give a clearer idea of the quality than comment: "No-man's-land whitened rigid: all its contours silver filigreed, as damascened. With the coming dark, ground-mist creeps back to regain the hollow places; across the rare atmosphere you could hear foreign men cough, and stamp with foreign feet. . . ." or "For Watcyn was innocent of his descent from Aeneas . . . —which pained his lance-corporal friend, for whom Troy still burned, and sleeping kings return, and wild men might yet stir from Mawddwy secracies. . . ."

Troy still burns for David Jones, as it did for that other soldier-poet, T. E. Lawrence. This is not a sentimental harking-back, so much as a coming up-to-date, for he is very sharply aware, as he says, that "a rubicon has been passed between striking with a hand weapon as men used to do and loosing poison from the sky as we do ourselves. . . . Our perception of many things is heightened and clarified. Yet must we do gas-drill . . . respond to increasingly exacting mechanical devices . . . all requiring a new and strange direction of the mind, a new sensitivity certainly, but at a considerable cost. . . ." The wars of the future may have no epics to describe them, the tortoise-machine may have outrun the "intelligent" hare; in this book, written in the recent brief parenthesis of peace, there is literature and warning.

B. H.

About the Contributors



LAWRENCE DURRELL, first known for his remarkable *Black Book*, lives at present in Rhodes. Two works of his, *The Dark Labyrinth* and *Prospero's Cell*, have been published recently by Reynal & Hitchcock. ☆ FRANCIS FERGUSSON is head of the Drama Department at Bennington College. His new play *Penelope* will have its first performance in February at Providence, R. I. ☆ ANTHONY HARRIGAN's work has appeared in a number of magazines. He is working on a volume of verse. ☆ Professor KERENYI now lives in Switzerland. His most recent work is *Prometheus* (Rascher Verlag, Zürich). ☆ The works of THOMAS MANN are so widely known as to need no introduction. His new book, *Essays of Three Decades*, will appear this Spring. ☆ WALTER McELROY has appeared before in CHIMERA, with his translations and introduction to some of Corbière's poems. He is working on a critical study and on verse. ☆ Professor of English Literature at the University of Rome, MARIO PRAZ has lived for a long time in England. He is author, among other things, of *The Romantic Agony*, a study of Romantic literature, and *Studies in Seventeenth Century Imagery*. ☆ LEWIS SPENCE, a New Yorker and graduate of Harvard, is at present a feature-writer on the Schenectady, N. Y., *Union-Star*. ☆ Stories by GEORGE STILES have appeared in several magazines. He is at present working on a novel. ☆ INEZ THRIFT is a member of the English Department of the University of Arizona. This article is one of a series she has been writing on the antics of the psychologists.

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